

Gunslinger Dreams

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Gunslinger Dreams

From the way the Sun was glarin' down on me, I could tell it couldn't be more then four o'clock when he blew in to town. 'Bout every month'r two this dude comes through ma Town, Clearwater, lookin fer some job snatching up a "Villian" er two for cash. Yeah, 'bout that time me and ol' Doc McCoy were coversatin' bout the weather and up comes this dude in his long black trenchcoat, bolar hat en those weird goggles a' his. Folks hereabouts called'm "Red eye" Summers. He strode in like a fresh fed donkey, bit a caw in his gape, and went right up into my office, looking through the wanteds. Not even a nod ta me er McCoy, though we weren't expectin no pleasantries from a hombre like him.

So I says ta McCoy, "Hank.... Thank this here kid come inta town looking fer another cattle wrusler en some quick cash? Er maybe he thanks he can get hisself a REAL job, settle down like a good church goin man, Eh? Whatcha thank, Hank?" Well he looks up et me, bit a straw hanging out his mouth, wavin at me, and says, "Yep." Hank's a man a few words.

The Dude turned to me then, nodded his hat good day and made like to walk off, but he stopped first en said, "Drake....You may be Sheriff in this town, but men like me are Law."

That got me right riled up then, ruffed ma feathers, so I called back at'm, "Okay 'Law', lesse you wear a badge and do it the right way! Wait till a law is broken before yah goin drag in a man by his coat tails... Damn dudes thank they got Justice in their pee shooters, well I signed on to 'serve and pertect'. Ta watch out fer folks, not run around lookin fer trouble en a quick buckskin. Go 'head, Red eye, git yerself killed...Hell, go en hunt yerself a real killer like that Wolverine!!"

There en then I knew it was a bad idea to go en say that, but it was

too late, those shiny red goggles turned and focused on me. "What killer?"

"Now Summers, the man had charges against'm, but seein as they were dropped I couldn't do a thang about'm."

"What he do?"

"Well....They say...He killed a man over a card game, big important man by name of Xavier. Banker he was....Left behind a beauty of a Wid'r.. Mrs Jean, soon ta be school marm, poor child...."

"Looks like me en this 'Wolverine' need ta have a chat."

"Don't you go stirrin the rat'ler's nest, boy, he's a free man, so says the law!"

He turned in his tracks and made up the street, but not before sayin, "I told you, Sheriff.....Men like me are the Law...."

I couldn't do a thang but stare at em then, that and ask the Doc, "Doc, You thank he ken do it? Take down that Mr Logan?"

Ole' Blue boy, lil name a made when'e ah slipped some funny dye into his hair tonic, he looks up et from under the brim of his hat en says, "Yep". That Hank, a man a few words.

No more than a hour later, I walked into Rogues Saloon, lookin ta wet ma whistle, and theres Mr Logan puffin away on a c'gar with his favorite girls, two slanty eyed miners daughters, Jubilee en...well... Can't recall the other, only that she had a tattoo on'r face. Orientals'r half as weird as those Ingins... Anyway, he was playin a card game with one rough en scrappy lookin pole cats daughter who like ta call herself "Marrow", fer the life a me can't figure why. Maybe cus she's just so damned ugly, cow musta kicked the marrow outta her cheek bones.

Yeah, that Mr Logan was a rough lookin feller with those wild eyes and mut'n chops. Yusta hear stories 'bout'm havin claws like the devil, made of metal as hard as rail iron. He didn't pay me no mind though, never did, so I made my way through the reg'lars and took up a stool to face the crowd. There was a Nigress up on the stage, a songbird with white hair en blue ah's. Well I don't have ta tell you what a sight that'un was! She was up there showin some leg, all long and dark, and crunin with a voice that'd melt snow. Hell, It melted my heart en I'm the Iceman Himself!

Well, I knew what was comin but aimed to have maself a drank before hand, so's I turned to the bar keep, Remy. He asked me what I wanted en that parlee vu franzee way'a his en I got maself a tonic. 'Bout two sips in, Red eye comes a tromplin into the saloon and stands at the door. Looked like he was posin' a bit, but no one paid em any mine besides Mr Logan en Maself. That's how you ken tell a real desperado from a tender toe, that otherworldly sense tellin'm someone was gunnin fer'um.

Eyes meet, but no guns were pulled. They stood sizin up one another before Red goes and pre-empts hissself a seat. That Girl, Marrow, she glares et um, but leaves em be as Jubilee sets out another hand. I just watch.

They don't say a single word to eachother thru six games, both winnin en losin pretty well, both good bluffers if I've ever seen one, till finally a woman rouses their attentions. Miss Rogue erself comes down er stairs looking like the Queen o' England with the accent ta match. Miss Rogue was a class act, even for a streetwalker. She was so classy I only knew of one man who'd dare brag'a baggin her breeches en that was er bar tender, Remy. Tried askin'm about it one day, but damned if I could understand a word outta that frenchman's mouth! She moves to their table, maybe sensing somethin's up too, and sets a gloved hand right thar on the poker winnins. Even the Nigress had to stop'r si ngin to stare. She leaned forward and said, "Now gentlemen, I'm quite sure this is a friendly card game, with friendly wagers and even friendlier aquantince playing it. So, I'd think these..." While she reached down into Red's lap, gettin a blush from everyone on that, and leftin out his wesson, "are un nessisary aren't they." There was a dead silence in tha room when Miss Rogues ah's meet ole Wolverines. No one had even thought to tryin take that man's gun. She did it without a flinch, only winked et'm and brushed soma that white part of he hair out uv'r eyes. That got Logan grinnin... He gave up the gun right easy like. Music started up like nothin even happen en the black beauty goes ta singin'r heart out up there. Watchin'r for a moment, I thought of a canary bird, locked in a cage... But hell, that Nigress had it better than mosta'r kind, she was a free woman. Wasn't she?

I looked back to the boys, and found the game had ended. Logan looked ready ta follow Mizz Rogue like a lost puppy, but Red eye collected his winnins and stepped out, stoppin once to glance back. Only he and Logan had winnin's that night, tha girl lost all her money and was lookin uglier than usual. Logan gave a wink ta his girls, who scampered off. He stood up, and stepped outside behind Red. Seein as I'm law in this town, I tailed'm. Wasn't plannin on stoppin em, hell makes ma job that much easier, but someone had to call the undertaker.

It was just gettin near dusk, sun hangin low justa bout ready ta tuck hissself in, and Mr Logan was out on the porch facin' Red eye. Red was a cool hand, that was sure.

Logan looks'm up en down a minute then up and says, "Ah ain't got no quarrels with you, bub, don't know you from anybody."

"Well I know you....Mr Logan, murderer."

Logan gives'm a real sharp grin then, like a bar catchin 'is first fish a the day, "Most calls me Wolverine... But Ah like yer respectful-like tone.."

"No respect here, Mr Logan. I call men Mr for that very reason....they think it's respect, but it's contempt....makes me laugh how shallow a fell'r has to be to fall for that."

Now I was a bit away from Logan, watchin off to his right, so's I can't say fer sure if what I heard was a barkin laugh..or the wild dog growl.

Summers went on... "For the crime of murder, Mr Logan, I charge you. Defend your honor, pole cat...Come out here and prove yourself with steel."

"Ma steel? Well If yah be referin' ta ma peice, the good lady has it. Now...If yah want another kinda steel....."

Next parts a bit tough ta swallow, but it's true so help me, it is!! Mr Logan touches his wrist and three long metal claws, hadta be a few inches each. He leaped, tacklin Red down and showin me e'zactly why they calls'm the Wolverine. Man was a animal! Logan was Slobberin like a hound dog while Red was a' wretchin and a' strugglin under'm. Red kicked em off with both feet and pulled another wesson, this'un Miss Rogue musta "Conveniently" missed. He fired two shots right then, Logan still off'is feet en unarmed. Honor en justice er two dif'rent things, friend. Men like Red eye Summers have justice, the kind that calls blood for blood, but honor? Justa word to'um, long as the job gets done. Mr Logan took both shots and fell... And personally, I thought'm dead. Sep, he wasn't even close.

Red stood up quick as a cat en stepped over to Mr Logan. He wasn't movin', that was fer sure. Not until Red got close enough, then he was on'm, clawin away at his gun hand and leavin a nasty gash. I moved fer ma gun, but assualt's no kinda crime ta be usin it fer. They took the brawl out into the dirt streets, Logan clawin like a madman en Red workin ta stay well away.

Finally, Logan got on good hit on Reds left goggle.. Fer a minute, while he was screamin and holdin the bloody mes, I coulda sworn I saw a light, like the holy spirit done leap outta his eye. But it wasn't white, like Holy light, no it was as red as the blood thet was makin it useless. Fer whatever reason, Wolverine stepped away from em with a weird look in'is eye.

Just then, outta the blue, a shot rings. Everyone in tha town musta heard it, even ole Doc McCoy who was half sleep on'is porch. On one side of the road was Mrs Jean Grey-Xavier, the Wid'r, and on the other...Mr Logan, shot dead. Don't ask me how she knew, though I say she gots witch powers, but she knew.. The man who killed her husband was right ready ta pay tha price. She didn't so much'is glance at Red, who was still bleedin to hisself, though not as loud. She looks ta me instead and says, "I don't a crimes been commited here, Sheriff..."

I nod to'r en say, "Yep...Looks like justice ta me, en what's the law compared ta justice?" She nodded, dropped the shot gun like a hot iron and walks away.

Red eye Summers still comes around, still wears his goggles, though one has itself a patch beneath. He still goes lookin fer a wrustler er two. Only, he's a Marshal now. The wid'r is still a wid'r, only she's married now. Ta...me! Thet's right, me. We fell in love en... "Bobby!! Bobby, would you wake up, your in my favorite chair again."

Bobby Drake feels a hand on his shoulder, shaking him. A furry blue hand. Wiping away some sleep, and stands dropping a crumpled western novel from his lap.

"Hank, I had the weirdest dream!" Just then, Logan enters the room puffing a pipe cigar, Bobby points to him. "And you were there!! And you too, Hank.. But I'm home now, and theres no place like home.."

Big blue stares at him for a moment before saying, "Bobby, my friend....See someone about your head, I think you may have knocked it very hard... And remove your posterior from my chair."

Bobby yawns and says, "Thanks 'Doc'". As he makes his way up the stairs to bed, Hanks' only reply is "Yep".

End
file.